

CHARM IN WOMAN

Something Average Person Finds It Hard to Define.

Secret of Attraction is a Riddle Un-solved Apparently Since the Creation of the World.

The secret of the attraction of some women for men has been sought for countless ages. The riddle is as old as the Sphinx and as unsolvable.

History has been made, wars won and lost, noble deeds performed, and crimes committed all for the love of woman.

What is the secret of the attraction? Beauty is the first thing that springs to mind. Yet it needs but little reflection to show that beauty is often the last asset of the fascinating woman at whose shrine is daily offered masculine worship. Brains, cleverness, beauty, a ready wit, a musical voice may be possessed in bulk or alone by a woman, and yet she may leave men cold.

Nature's law of compensation is immutable, and never more clearly shows man in feminine attraction. How rarely is staturesque beauty accompanied by the charm and fascination that attracts. A woman may possess the beauty of Venus, and cause no masculine pulse to beat the faster. Yet her almost ugly sister, irregular of feature and without physical charm, may be never without a man to pay her court.

Strangely enough, it is woman herself who lays most stress on beauty. Rarely will she admit beauty in another woman. "She is very attractive, she is fascinating, she has charm, but she is not really good looking, my dear," they will say, not realizing that they are according the highest meed of praise.

Beauty is an accident, but charm and fascination are either beauty from within or else they come from conscious creation.

For it is possible for some women to cultivate attraction. It is the kind that can be analyzed and defined in words, and it sometimes accompanies and is sometimes apart from, the indefinable fascination known, for want of a better word, as charm.

Who has not seen the ordinary, apparently unattractive woman change under the stimulus of animation? Her face lights up, her eyes sparkle, her laugh becomes mischievous—she becomes more beautiful than perfect beauty. Sometimes it is a mere inflection of voice, the allurement of a wide mouth tilted in infectious laughter, human sympathy in a pair of ordinary eyes. The play of a hand, the turn of an ankle, the unruly kink of curly hair—each has in turn served to kind with unbreakable fetters masculine adoration which pale and perfect beauty has left cold.

The French have a happily descriptive term for this type of irregular fascination which holds men in thrall—the jolles laides. Like the women it describes, it is intriguing—"the pretty uglies"—and it is the nearest possible definition of the elusive attraction which so many plain women possess, an attraction which leaves their more beautiful sisters envious and unsatisfied.—Mula MacMahon, in the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Sweet Lady.

As the train made its two-minute stop at the suburban station the commuter was aroused from her study of the morning paper by a companion in

For Raw Sore Throat

At the first sign of a raw, sore throat rub on a little Musterole with your fingers.

It goes right to the spot with a gentle tingle, loosens congestion, draws out soreness and pain.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the strength of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

Nothing like Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use. 35 and 65 cents in jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



the car. Some one had found a very fat purse in the seat behind her, and was wildly searching for the late occupant. "It belongs to the old lady," was called from across the aisle, and the finder hurried to thrust it into the trembling hand of a very frail old lady who had just reached the door. As she turned to smile her thanks the doorway framed a charming picture of bewildered gratitude, then she was gone! "Poor old lady, it must have meant a lot to her," was the sympathetic murmur that went through the car just as an excited girl dashed into the other door, calling, "Yes, this was the car, this was the seat. I left my purse!" "We gave it to the old lady!" and a very crestfallen benefactor pointed to the crowd on the platform. The girl turned and fled, the train pulled out and the passengers are still wondering.—Chicago Journal.

Two-Thirds Are Married.

Notwithstanding the H. C. of L. nearly two-thirds of the population of the United States, from fifteen years up, is married. But notwithstanding all you read about the prevalence of the divorce evil, the census bureau says there are only about one-half million divorced persons in the country. Capper's Weekly says. Maybe they don't stay that way. Mississippi and Arkansas have the largest proportion of married men, 62.8, and Nevada the smallest, 45.9. It seems strange that in the western states the proportion of married men is small and of married women is large. The explanation is the high ratio of men to women. Eastern girls should take Horace Greeley's advice.

Practical Aid for Farmers.

If a recently developed farm machine fulfills expectations, a large part of the loss to farmers from weeds and insect pests can be eliminated, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The processes used are not new, in themselves, but their practical combination has been described as one of the most important developments in the history of agriculture. The entire mechanism is operated by a small gasoline engine, mounted on the frame.

Then She Recognized Him.

Courtney Ryley Cooper at a Dutch treat luncheon told of the days when he was press agent for Buffalo Bill. Cooper now writes short stories of circus life. One night Buffalo Bill came out to his ranch late and drove up quietly to his house. He knocked at the door. "Who's there?" said Mrs. Buffalo Bill. "It's Bill," was the reply. "I know better," said the wife, "get away from that door or I'll fill you full of holes—and I'm a sure shot." The old plainsman was thoughtful for a moment, then tip-toed back to his buggy, drove a short distance, turned about and beat the horse into a wild run. He cut across the yard, tore up a tree or two, raked down a fence, upset a cistern and finally drove the horse upon the front porch. Then he knocked at the door. "Come in, Willie," said his wife.—New York Correspondence of the Indianapolis Star.

Judge Consumed Evidence.

A postal clerk was before ex-Judge Landis one day for stealing a bag of peanuts. As Landis listened to the evidence he absent mindedly munched peanuts. Presently the assistant district attorney in charge said: "And now, your honor, we come to the evidence. We have here—"

Royal Parish Church.

Although St. Martins-in-the-Fields (London, England) once the Royal Parish church—has just celebrated its 200th anniversary under the Royal aegis, the church stands on a site consecrated centuries before. The first organ used in the present building was purchased by George I, who had the royal arms worked in relief on the portals. Soon after its erection the church was thus referred to in a periodical of the time: "The inhabitants are now supplied with a decent tabernacle, which can produce as handsome a show of white hands, diamond rings, pretty snuff boxes, and gilt prayer books as any cathedral, says the Daily Chronicle, if in ghostly form he could return some wet and wintry midnight and see the outcast refugees in those once jeweled news.

IS UNDER SPELL

"Little People" Have Sway Over Stream in Ireland.

Waterway in County Fermanagh Avoided by the Dwellers Near It Because of Old Superstition.

Up in County Fermanagh, in the northern part of the Emerald Isle, there is a dark, deep, silent stream, which winds its way some 15 miles or more through a picturesque country. It is called the Sheelegs, or the Stream of the Fairies, and there are many tales and legends told concerning it. It rises near the little village of Derrygonnelly, its source being a small lake called Bunahone. Its course lies between the picturesque mountains of Bo and a beautiful level country on its other bank called the Golden plain. The wild sedge grows down to its very waters, and above it the curlew sends out his eerie call in the hush of the evening. But beautiful as the stream may look to visitors, it is shunned by the country folks who live in its vicinity. Tradition says that at one time the little fairy people placed a curse upon it and from that time on death and disaster have come out of its treacherous waters many times. There are few who care to wander along its banks, for in the minds of all who know there always lingers the old saying that has been handed down from sire to son for many years:

Bad shall it be for fish and fishing
Good shall it be for drowning.
Always unlucky shall it be to meddle
with.

There is a strange peculiarity about the river, and that is that it runs in an apparently uphill course. The legend that accounts for this freak of nature is as follows: One day Saint Faber was fleeing from her enemies along the river bank. In her haste she dropped one of her precious books in the water. Deeply grieved over her loss, she raised her staff over the stream, and instantly the waters turned backwards in their course, and her precious book was restored to her.

Time and again various attempts have been made to drain this treacherous stream, which very often overflows its banks and does considerable damage to the farmers in the vicinity. But always, disaster and death have followed those who have meddled with the stream. At the last attempt made such a series of accidents and deaths befell those who undertook the project that it probably will be a long time before the thing is brought up again. Even those who are most injured by the stream's vagaries, the farmers whose lands are so often flooded, will now have nothing to do with the draining of the Sheelegs, preferring financial loss rather than incurring the enmity of the Little People.

And so today the Stream of the Fairies pursues its crooked, treacherous course, at places shining like a dazzling silver ribbon in the sunshine, at other parts lying in deep, dark, treacherous pools, waiting for an unwary one whose feet might step beyond the rank sedge that lines its banks. And tradition has it that very often under cover of the night the Little People dance for joy upon its dark, mystic waters, rejoicing in the fact that the stream has kept its faith with them.—Kansas City Star.

Postal Air Service.

More than 10,000,000 letters were carried by the post office air mail service in the third quarter of 1921, Assistant Postmaster General Shaughnessy told the members of the Society of Automotive Engineers at one of its recent meetings on commercial aviation. During that period the air mail carriers covered 391,000 miles, 97 per cent of these scheduled trips were completed on time and all of the regular trips were made without injuries. The cost of operation, which was \$8 per ton mile in 1920, was reduced in 1921 to \$4 per ton mile, and with the improved design of machine now being put in use by the Post Office department, the cost for the coming year is expected to be reduced to \$2.80.

To Teach Hawaiian Youth.

Alarmed at the trend of the youth of Hawaii away from agriculture and

other productive pursuits and into non-productive clerical work, the American Legion, department of Hawaii, is initiating a territory-wide movement looking toward the establishment in all schools of industrial, agricultural and manual training. Statistics for the past few years show that a heavy majority of the boys and girls attending the territorial public schools, particularly those of Hawaiian and Oriental blood, are taking up so-called commercial courses, fitting them only for clerical work.

"GLORY" OF WAR RIDICULOUS

Chaplain Who Was With the British Forces in France Makes Some Pertinent Observations.

Making boots is more glorious than killing men, asserts the Rev. Studdert Kennedy the liberal English clergyman who was known to the British forces during the war as "Woodbine Willie"—a designation he has since used as a nom de plume. Mr. Kennedy, says the Literary Digest, who was an army chaplain, came out of the war with a shocked conscience and new convictions, and his sympathy has been with Tommy Atkins as he is at home, fighting a different fight now that the war is over. When he read the words, "The Glorious Dead," on the cenotaph in London, Mr. Kennedy said he felt "somewhat bitterly about it, because there is such danger of mistaking the real meaning of their glory." There is something wrong when a man is called glorious because he wears khaki, and a "boishy" and a selfish schemer because he greets overalls. As the Challenge (London) quoted him from a recent sermon, the former army chaplain declares that "many persons who were willing to sweep floors for Tommy, spit fire at the working-man. Yet they are the same man. We call going into the army 'going into the service.' Don't you go into the service when you make boots? It is more glorious to work as a shoe cobbler than to kill men!" he argues. "But a man makes good boots for 30 years, brings up his family decently, and gets the sack. Who thinks about his glory?" Much talk about military courage is "stupid sentimentality," says Mr. Kennedy for—

"A great deal of the courage in battle is not of the highest order at all. What we want today is the courage of moral conviction. I don't want to detract for a moment from the bravery of our men. I love them! But it was a great deal easier to face death in battle than it is to face ridicule in civil life. To suppose that all men died glorious deaths is sheer sentimentality. I have seen them shivering with fright like trapped rabbits. Nothing will cover up the fact that war is a degrading, dirty, filthy business. We must simply refuse to be bamboozled by shams."

Literary Tidbits.

From a British Book—"She was a good cook, as cooks go—and as cooks go she went."

One noticeable thing about our fiction characters is that they don't spend much time earning a living. No, Roger, "The Triumph of the Egg," though it is a story, does not relate how the egg reached its pecuniary eminence.

From Princess Blhesku's book, "I Have Only Myself to Blame," we call this literary flower: "When he was with me, my hair straggled. He didn't know that a summer is the divine eloquence of love."

HAD THE LAUGH ON JAILER

Prisoner in Tower of London Escaped and Literally Left His "Host" In Embarrassment.

During that period in English history when it was "quite the thing" to be shut up in the Tower of London the prisoner, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, could live comfortably. He could order what furniture he pleased—and even plate and tapestries—but there was one condition: he could take nothing out of the tower again. If he went out by way of the scaffold it did not matter much; but if he was acquitted or escaped his expenditure was a total loss. All the furnishings became the perquisites of the lieutenant—a circumstance from which we may confidently infer that he encouraged his prisoners to make themselves as comfortable as possible, regardless of expense.

Sometimes, however, the lieutenant met a stone as hard as himself—in other words, Greek met Greek. Such a one was Sir William Seymour, afterwards duke of Somerset. Though not at all blessed with wealth, the knight ordered expensive tapestries, silver plate and the best of furniture while the lieutenant stood by and rubbed his hands in anticipation of his future inheritance.

Sir William Seymour, however, seeing that a cart came almost daily to deliver hay and fagots at the entrance under the Bloody tower exactly opposite his prison, conceived the idea of escaping. A friend smuggled a sash to him, a false beard and a smock in to him, and one day while the cart was inside delivering his goods Sir William straggled out, mounted the driver's seat, turned the horse round and calmly drove out of the iron gate. "There horses awaited him; he took seat opposite Greenwich and reached a ship that he had chartered to carry him to France.

The matter naturally made trouble for the lieutenant, but he consoled himself with the thought of the rich perquisites that Sir William had left. What, then, was his indignation to find that the fugitive had paid for none of the things, and that he himself was sued by the tradesman who had supplied them! Even so, he might have recovered at least some of his money by the sale of the goods, but to his disgust he found that the facetious knight had cut up the most valuable tapestries to fit the fireplace.

She Was Used to It.

A boy on a bicycle whizzed around a corner and knocked a woman down. She must have been built of something more durable than bones, for before the boy could right his wheel and get off she had scrambled to her feet, and, seeing his intention of first aid, remarked:

"Thank you, son, I'm real obliged." The youngster was awful sorry, and was saying so, in the honest way a boy has, when she interrupted.

"That's all right! This makes the third time I've been run over and I ought to be used to it by now. The first upset—automobile—put me in bed for a week. The second—fender caught me—only laid me up two days and I shall probably be as spry as ever tomorrow; back hurts a little, but what I'm thanking you for is you are the only one of the three who took the trouble to feel sorry."

Which shows how easy a thing it is when you get used to it.—Nannie Lancaster in the Washington Star.

Breeds New White Carnation.

Crossing the American carnation known as "Mrs. T. W. Lawson" with English plants has produced, after twenty-four years of selective breeding, a dazzling white variety, the first of a new race of disease-resisting flowers, which is described as a triumph of horticulture.

Its breeder, Stuart L. v. who is showing his novelty, named White Pearl, at the Royal Horticultural hall, London, has succeeded in retaining the old carnation fragrance, which in many modern varieties has almost vanished. It is stated that the new pedigree carnation has gone through all disease tests and has come out unscathed.

Not in These Days.

Mrs. Norder—Your boy threw a lump of coal at our cat.

Mr. Naylor—I'll attend to the young rascal. Yet that we care anything about our cat, but no boy of mine is going to waste coal in that manner.—Boston Transcript.

Grades for British Apples.

The British apple growers have recently been devoting considerable attention to the establishment of grades for their product and much progress has been made in this development. The chief reason for the movement is the desire to place on the large British markets an apple grown in England which will compare favorably in price with the best American and Australian product. It has often been stated in England that the market advantage of the American apple is entirely due to the fact that it is correctly graded and packed.

There is no large supply of British apples which could be closely graded for market. The British growers generally have not paid much attention to market requirements in the selection of their trees nor to the care and cultivation of orchards.

Australia's Water Supply.

Australia's wonderful underground water supply, her artesian basin system, might well rank among her greatest assets. But like other assets, the artesian water supply can be wasted, and Australians are soiling with concern that in New South Wales there has been a total diminution in the flow of water from 268 selected water holes of something like 21,400,000 gallons a day, or about 26.8 per cent. It is now being recognized that the artesian water must be conserved by the partial closing of the holes, so that only the flow capable of being used will be allowed to issue. The irrigation commission is taking steps to penalize the careless bore owner.—Christian Science Monitor.

Gas Used.

Not counting debate in congress, Americans used \$19,888,000,000 cubic feet of artificial gas last year.

This is an achievement, comparing it with a generation ago when mother had to wash the smoked chimneys of the kerosene oil lamps and trim their wicks daily.

In about one more generation the only heating and lighting will be by electricity. A copper mine is a good legacy for grandchildren.

The Flapper Dollar.

Already the critics—call them hy-pers, if you like—are knocking our new silver coin. One writer calls it the "flapper dollar" and says the open-lipped girl thereupon looks as though she might be saying "Line's bizzy" or "Say, listen!" Just that sort of girl, you know. If the comment were not so obvious we would say something about money talking—but we refrain.—Boston Transcript.



The CIRCLET
NO. 1500
STANDARD QUALITY
PRICE \$1.50

The Circlet is Self-Adjusting, and has neither hooks nor eyes. It simply slips over the head, clasps at the waist and smooths out ugly lines.
If your dealer can't get it send actual bust measure, name, address \$1.50. We'll send the Circlet prepaid. Sizes 34 to 48.
Name Hygienic-Fashion-Institute, 120 E. 16 St. New York, Dep't M.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



Ride a "COASTER" WAGON, Boys! The News has one for you. It takes only 12 subscriptions. Get busy